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# First Hand Acquaintance With Tokyo's Earthquake

Katherine Cranor
*Iowa State College*

piles that are too large, because they heat and may keep poorly or sprout in the center of the pile. No potato should be more than four feet from air. Care should be taken to keep earth out of the potatoes, as much of it in any one place in the pile may prevent ventilation and cause heating and rotting. A few potatoes in a cold cellar are far more apt to freeze than those in a large pile.

Potatoes should be kept absolutely dark to prevent greening by light. Freezing destroys potatoes. No potatoes should be purchased for storage that are dug after the ground is crusted with frost, because it has proven impossible to sort out frosted potatoes. All those touched by frost will spoil, one after another. Do not buy potatoes in sacks that show wet places due to a frosted potato.

Potatoes and many other vegetables that require a storage room should not be too dry or too well ventilated. In some cases a damp earth floor or the sprinkling of the floor helps keep vegetables crisp. It is in this respect that pits excel.

**CABBAGE** is not injured by moderate frost. Late varieties, perfectly sound and not too ripe, are the only ones fit for storage. To wrap cabbages in paper and to leave on the outer leaves helps keep them crisp. For use after Christmas, most cabbage is best stored frozen solid in a pit. It will stand some freezing and thawing. For use after March, cabbage should be stored as kraut.

**ONIONS** need to be thoroly cured when harvested. Dryness is a first requisite. They should be kept cold as well as dry. A well-cured onion should be firm and not readily dented at the base of the tops by the tip of the thumb, when held in the hand. Onions are best for storage if topped about 1½ inches long. They will stand very little freezing and thawing.

**BEETS, TURNIPS, KOHLRABI, WINTER RADISHES, CARROTS AND RUTABAGAS** are best stored in sand in cellars or caves, or in pits; or in tightly covered boxes or crocks. The object is to keep them cold and to prevent evaporation. Kohlrabi must be tender when stored.

**SQUASHES, SWEET POTATOES, PUMPKINS,** must be well ripened and cured. They must be free from bruises. They are best kept on shelves in a very dry place. They need not be kept specially cool.

**PARSNIPS, PARSLEY, VEGETABLE OYSTER, HORSERADISH,** may be kept in the ground where grown all winter,

A cross-section view of a frost-proof trench for vegetables.

but as too much freezing and thawing destroys them they should be covered lightly until severe weather, and then uncovered to freeze solid and covered again. These vegetables may be stored as suggested for beets, but the way to have them available all winter and to keep them most crisp is to hold them frozen. The methods described in the discussion of outdoor pits are recommended as best for these vegetables and cabbage.

**CELERY, ENDIVE, HEAD LETTUCE,** may be rooted in earth in a cellar or cave, and with occasional watering may be kept until about Christmas time. Turnips, winter radishes and other vegetables mentioned under beets and parsnips, also may be stored with the roots planted in sand or earth as above indicated.

**GARLIC** should be thoroly cured as are onions, or it may be braided by the tops into strings which are hung up in dry places for curing and storing.

**GROUND CHERRIES OR HUSK TOMATOES** may be stored for some weeks in the husk in thin layers in a dry place, free from frost.

**TOMATOES** may be kept until about Thanksgiving by bringing the well-matured green tomatoes or the vines with the tomatoes on, into the cellar or cave in the fall. Most of the tomatoes will ripen and be acceptable as soon as they color up. The tomatoes may be placed on shelves or in boxes, and the vines may be hung up.

# First Hand Acquaintance With Tokyo's Earthquake

By KATHERINE CRANOR, Household Art Department

AFTER having spent a most delightful summer in the Orient, feeling that it had been rich in worthwhile experiences, I returned to Yokahama on August 31, making the final arrangements for my sailing on September 4. My last bit of sight seeing was to be a day in Tokyo and a night and a day in Nikko.

On the first morning of September at 12:40, I arrived in Tokyo. When I had been in my rickshaw for ten minutes, I heard a queer rumbling sound and immediately looking around, saw that the houses everywhere were shaking. At the same moment it seemed that the very earth was being wrenched from under us and I immediately realized that we were having a terrible earthquake, altho it was my first experience with anything of the kind. My first impulse naturally was to consider some means of escape. The houses on both sides of the street were falling toward me. I could see no possible escape from death but I was perfectly calm and had no feeling of fear, nor did I have a regret. My only thought was, "My family will never know what became of me."

As soon as the rickshaw man took in the situation, he seized my wrist and helped me to the ground, placed me as nearly under the rickshaw as possible, held on to me and doubled his own body over me as a protection from the falling tiles and timber. In an instant we were folded in with the ruins of two buildings. Imagine my astonishment when I found myself only covered with light debris and practically uninjured, save a few bruises.

The earthquake continued with great violence. I am told that the first shock lasted for one minute. It seemed that it had not really ceased when a second terrible shock came. It is said that this one was practically continuous for ten minutes. Buildings were still falling, so my hope of escape lay in keeping quiet. I looked, and as far as I could see, every building on the street had fallen, only the front of one building remained. The ones where we happened to be were two story buildings. The fact that we were living was nothing short of a miracle. We remained here in the ruins for some time, vainly hoping that the earth would cease to shake.

The ruins everywhere were in flames. Policemen and relief workers were carrying out the dead and wounded—it was indeed a ghastly sight. Many old men and women, and little children, covered with blood and terribly mangled, were being carried on stretchers or on the backs of men and women to places of safety. I suddenly realized that the fire was closing in around us, and we were beginning to feel the heat. Many people were going past so I motioned the rickshaw man and made him understand that we too must go. We started immediately, picking our way as best we could thru the ruins, hastening lest the fire overtake us before we reached an open space. In a short time we were at the entrance of the Palace Grounds. We went in. Hundreds of Japanese had already arrived. The rickshaw man found a tree for me and motioned me to hold on to it. The Japanese consider clinging to a tree one of the safest things during an earthquake as there are less apt to be openings in the earth where there are trees. They think that the roots help to hold the earth together.

My man went back to see about his rickshaw and after a time he returned with a Japanese who could speak English. I found that he was a graduate of the University of Michigan. He found a stool for me and we moved farther away from the fire to a larger tree. We both held on to the tree and he held on to me.

After a time the rickshaw man came back and said, thru the interpreter he had provided, that he was very anxious about his family but was not willing to leave until he had taken me to a place of safety. I realized that there was no such place, but I wanted to find English speaking people so I said, "Take me to the Imperial Hotel if we can go on a wide street." He suggested that we might go along the river. We started at once and were soon in the large open square in front of the Station hotel. I saw that the center of the square would be out of reach of falling buildings and safe from the fire for a little while. Then, too, some English people were walking around, so I had the man stop here.

Refugees from every quarter began to come in. There were carts, rickshaws, and people laden down with household goods

and food which consisted largely of dried fish, cooked rice and fruit. Old men, old women, and young children were being brought in on the backs of men and women. Every family had its lantern marked with the name of the family. The earthquakes were continuing with sufficient force to keep every one in terror. I am told that there were 57 during the first two hours. My greatest fear now was of the earth's opening up and swallowing me, for there were many large cracks.

By four o'clock we were almost surrounded by the fire. Many of the refugees were beginning to pack up and move. By five o'clock it looked as if nothing could save the buildings, rather the remnants of buildings, around the square. I realized that in a short time there could be no possible means of escape, so I again followed the Japanese and found myself in Hebia Park, an immense place, literally packed with Japanese, and every family seemed to have some household goods. It is said that there were not less than a million there that night.

The park was entirely surrounded by fire. The whole dome of heaven was ablaze. While we were comparatively safe because of the size of the park, I knew that everything depended upon the direction of the wind and the extinguishing of the fire brands as they fell. There could be no escape if the flames leaped the space between us and the burning buildings, for the number of people in the park would make escape impossible.

This was indeed a night of terror. The earthquakes were almost continuous and the flames of a burning city leaped to heaven, while blasting was done everywhere to prevent the spread of the fire, and people called incessantly for the missing members of their families. One woman called all night, "Ding Dong," evidently a Chinese name.

By daylight the interval between earthquakes had lengthened to 20 minutes. At first the quakes were only a few seconds apart, the interval gradually increasing as time went on. At five thirty I began to work my way back to the square in front of the Tokyo Station. By this time little remained of Tokyo, a city of many beautiful and historic building with a population of three and one-half million inhabitants. The fire had finished what the earthquake had begun.

Of course, the fire continued for many days, but the worst was over. There remained only death, misery, and devastation. There was almost no food, no water, for the water mains everywhere had been severed, no lights and no shelter. The few shells of houses that had withstood the ravages of earthquake and fire were not fit habitations for man.

By Wednesday the known dead of Tokyo numbered 100,000, later 500,000. Yokohama, a city of 400,000 inhabitants had been wiped off the map—not a building remained. The death toll there numbered 150,000 on Wednesday morning and by the end of the week, 250,000. These figures do not begin to tell the tale. There were many more who had been buried beneath the ruins or consumed by the fire. A large number of towns and villages within a radius of from 50 to 75 miles had been wiped out. Soldiers who were in France during the war say that the battlefields of France were as nothing compared with the number of uncared dead, the odor from the dead, and the utter devastation and desolation caused by this, the most destructive and terrible earthquake in the history of the world. This great tragedy is one of the few things which can never be exaggerated.

Returning to my own story. Before I could get a boat, I spent seven days and nights in the open with earthquakes continuing at intervals both day and night. On Thursday night we had only six or seven earthquakes, and about the same number on Friday. Some of these were sufficiently hard to be quite terrifying. In less than a week we had over 1000 earthquakes.

Monday after the earthquake I tried to walk to Yokohama, hoping to reach my boat, the President Jefferson, before it sailed. I was with a Japanese family who were trying to get to Kobe. There were three women, three men, two boys and a baby in the party. The baby was strapped to the back of its mother. The baby carriage was loaded with household goods and each member of the family carried large packages. We started in the morning. The rain poured in torrents all day. I had on all the clothes I possessed and they were literally drenched.

At two-thirty in the afternoon the people I was with decided that they were on the wrong road and one of their boys had gotten separated from them so they became very much excited. They said that they would have to go back to Tokyo and start over and stay there until they could find the boy and that I had better start back to Tokyo at once. I suggested going on to Yokohama, but they became even more excited and said, "No, very dangerous," so I started back to Tokyo.

After walking for about an hour I heard an automobile coming. I hailed it and asked if I might ride. The man said "Yes," but he was loaded with pumpkins and I could not open the door. I said, "That is all right, I will climb over the door," but I was too short. Just at that moment a nice Japanese gentleman who spoke perfect English asked if he could assist me. I thanked him so he put one foot over the door and then the other. I climbed over the seat, fell back on the pumpkins, and went on to Tokyo. I spent that night on a school campus, where I had stayed the night before. The following afternoon I succeeded in getting a man to walk with me to the Imperial Hotel and to the American Embassy.

The remaining nights of my stay in Tokyo I spent on the court at the hotel. Finally the American Navy planned a way to get the foreigners out of Tokyo

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# Hurrah for the Pumpkin Pie

By RUTH ELAINE WILSON

THERE be pastries and pastries! What with the array of "Petite Gateaux," "Bonne Bouches," Chocolate Eclaires and "Choux Pastes" one scarcely recognizes a familiar face on the bill of fare. Yet, in spite of all these, there are still those among us who cherish an old-time respect and sneaking fondness for the homely "receet."

What pictures the very mention of the name conjure: a large kitchen with painted floor and sunshine and geraniums at its windows; a real grandmother, not of the genus flapper, her hair in a braided rug at the back, a gingham apron and "specs," with flour on her cheek and a twinkle in her eye; all this and more at the simple word "receet."

Now, here is one taken from just such an environment, a receipt copied from a faded and time-yellowed paper with the faint aroma of past successes still clinging to its ragged edges. It has been penned in a fine feminine hand, in black ink long since gone brown, and bears the inscription, "Cora's Pumpkin Pie (*Good*)." Cora needs no introduction. She is known to us all. She belonged to that favored and limited family, Royal Cooks.

And now follows the "receet" verbatim, its recommend in parentheses.

**Cora's Pumpkin Pie** (*Good*)

This is sufficient for three pies. Take one quart of rich milk, a little cream is an improvement; 2 cups of sugar; a little piece of butter; 4 eggs, the yolks beaten thoroly and stirred in and the whites beaten to a froth and added just before putting the pie in the oven; a scant tablespoon of ginger and cinnamon. Have a rich pie crust and bake in a quick oven. Should you desire to use squash instead you can make as good a pie as with pumpkin.

There is one precaution which I have taken the liberty of adding to Cora's directions. *Do not place pie in window near neighbors!*

who are specialists in organization, and in clothing, food and nutrition, home management, home furnishings, and milk utilization. They have planned a year full of active work carrying Home Economics out to the women of the state.

Do you not think with such a staff, equipment, and a fine enthusiastic group of students, that 1923-24 will be a record year for the Home Economics Division at Iowa State College? We hope so, for we are earnestly studying the needs of our students and the needs of the homes of Iowa. We want to send our young women out from Iowa State College equipped to face life honestly, courageously, and happily, willingly ready to do their share of the world's work.

We hope their lives have been enriched thru understanding companionship and that they will leave us, spiritually strengthened by contact with men and women of character and by contact with the profound truths of the universe, and intellectually well-trained both to think and to do.

Home Economics has a fine contribution to make to the education of its young women for it serves, in a very special way, to the development of a deeper knowledge and appreciation of the scientific, social, and economic questions which must be faced and solved by our people. We are striving to give to our women the education and the experience which will enable them to go forth to command the positions of leadership which Iowa offers to its young people.

I hope the fall has brought for each of you vigor and renewed interest in your work. The Home Economics Division is glad to be of service to the women of our state, so do not hesitate to ask for help in meeting your home problems. It is a pleasure to serve you.

## First Hand Acquaintance With Tokyo's Earthquake

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Early one morning we went in a truck, (standing) to Shinagowa, a town a few miles below Tokyo. There we were put on a tug which had been made into a sort of raft which was towed out by launches into the deep water where an American destroyer, "The Whipple" met us and we were taken on board. They served water, all we wanted, hot biscuits, butter and coffee. I have never had anything so good. I did not realize how hungry I was. The destroyer took us to Yokohama, where we embarked in launches which took us to a French boat, the "Le B'Urnne." We were a pitiful looking lot, but the refugees on board the French boat looked as though they had suffered more than we. Many of them had only one garment. We made a laughable appearance when we assembled in the dini ng room. All nationalities were represented and we all had the appearance of having been gathered from the scrap heap. The officers and crew were very kind. We had a limited amount of water and two meals a day. Each meal we were served soup and one other thing, but there were second servings for those who wished them.

After we had been on board the French boat for two days, word came that we

were to be transferred to the Empress of Australia with the hope of going to Kobe and then to America. As soon as we had been assigned cabins we were told to return to the French boat, that the President Pierce was expected in a few hours and would take us to America. The two trips on the tug were long and rather wild ones. The sea was terribly rough. At times the boat almost stood on end. The following day at noon we again embarked in a launch which took us to the President Pierce. I felt much like "Noah's weary dove" after its day of flight, that I had at last found rest for the sole of my foot.

The earthquake and the fire had claimed everything I had in the way of baggage. The clothes I had on were no longer presentable, so these were replaced by those given me by kind strangers who had escaped the great disaster.

The experience is worth millions, but I would not have it again for a deed to the Universe.

## Paying Homage to the King of Fruits

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of chopped nuts and one cup of raisins onto the dry flour and mix all very thoroly together. Lastly, add one and one-half cups of apple sauce sweetened. Be careful to have a stiff batter. Bake in a loaf in a slow oven.

Last, but certainly best of all, must be mentioned Apple Dumplings, favorite of all time.

### Apple Dumplings

Make a puff paste as for pie. Roll out a piece large enough to cover peeled and cored apple. If the apples are small use an apple and a half in each dumpling. Be sure that they are sound and tart. Put in each dumpling one-half teaspoon of butter, one tablespoon of sugar. Enclose the apple in paste sack, using a little water if necessary to make edges stay folded. Place dumplings in a greased baking pan and bake in a hot oven until a light brown. Then cover over with Poor Man's Sauce and bake again until crisp and brown. Serve with more sauce or cream.

## Buttons and — Buttons

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course they fit where nothing else ever could. The small red raised ones brought back gleeful memories of childhood red dotted Swiss. The white ones go with voile or linen. The modest dress of them all is the straight green linen with a beautiful row of shining white buttons marching down the front.

The distinctive class of buttons is of course the covered ones. A covered buttan can only be used on wool or silk dresses so of course they feel just a bit superior to the common bead buttons. They like pearl buttons, altho they'd be horrified if they knew they were in any way like the common pearler, must be sewed on in very straight rows. The crocheted sisters of this family considered themselves quite as much but they seem almost passe just now.

But, as the little boy says in the story: "Of all the buttons on land or sea